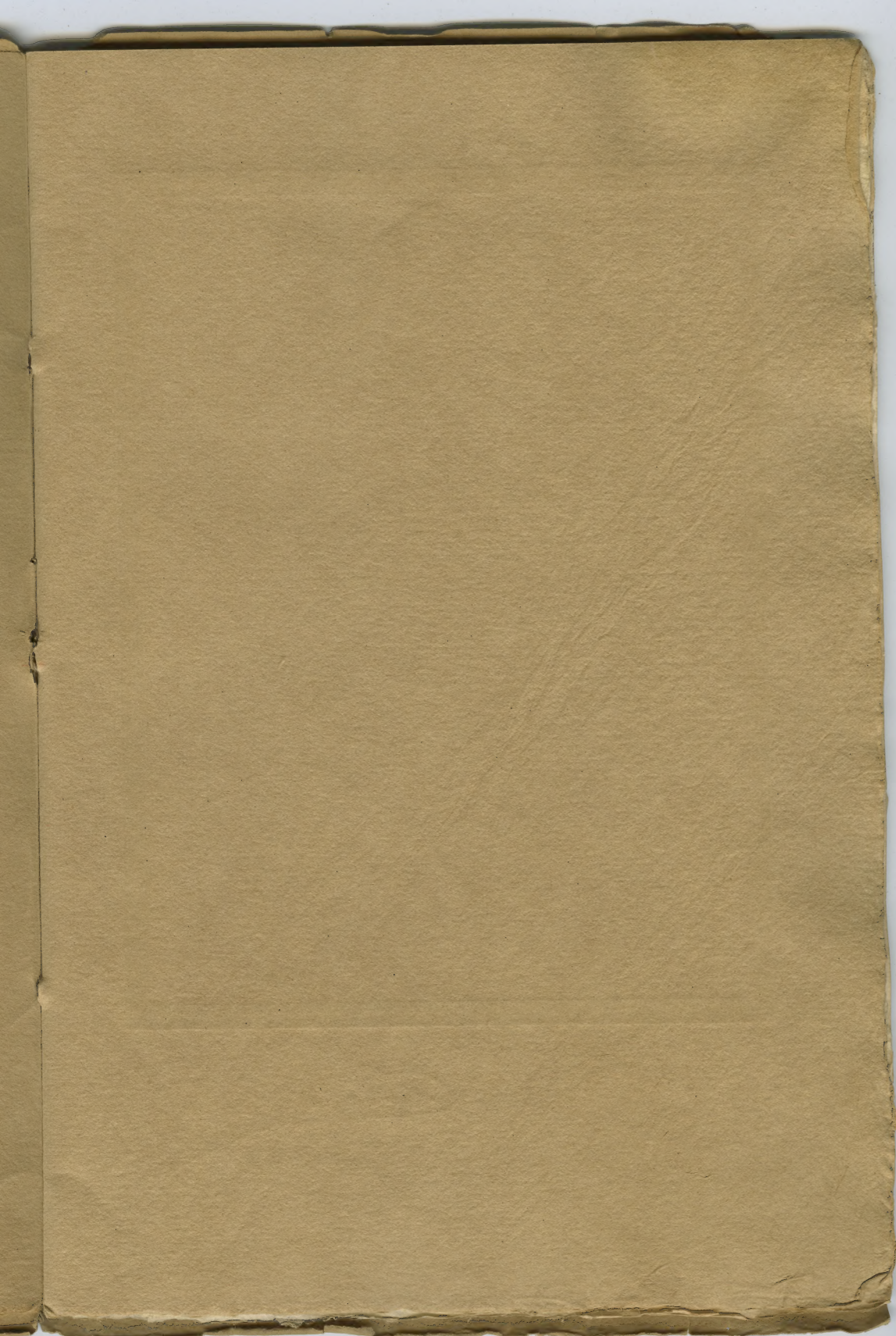


Exhibition of Pictures by
Cowles Myles Collier

Salmagundi
Club



1909





C. Myles Collins

SALMAGUNDI CLUB

Fourteen West Twelfth Street



1909

Exhibition of Pictures
by
Cowles Myles Collier

November Eighth to Fourteenth
Inclusive

Two p.m. to Six p.m.

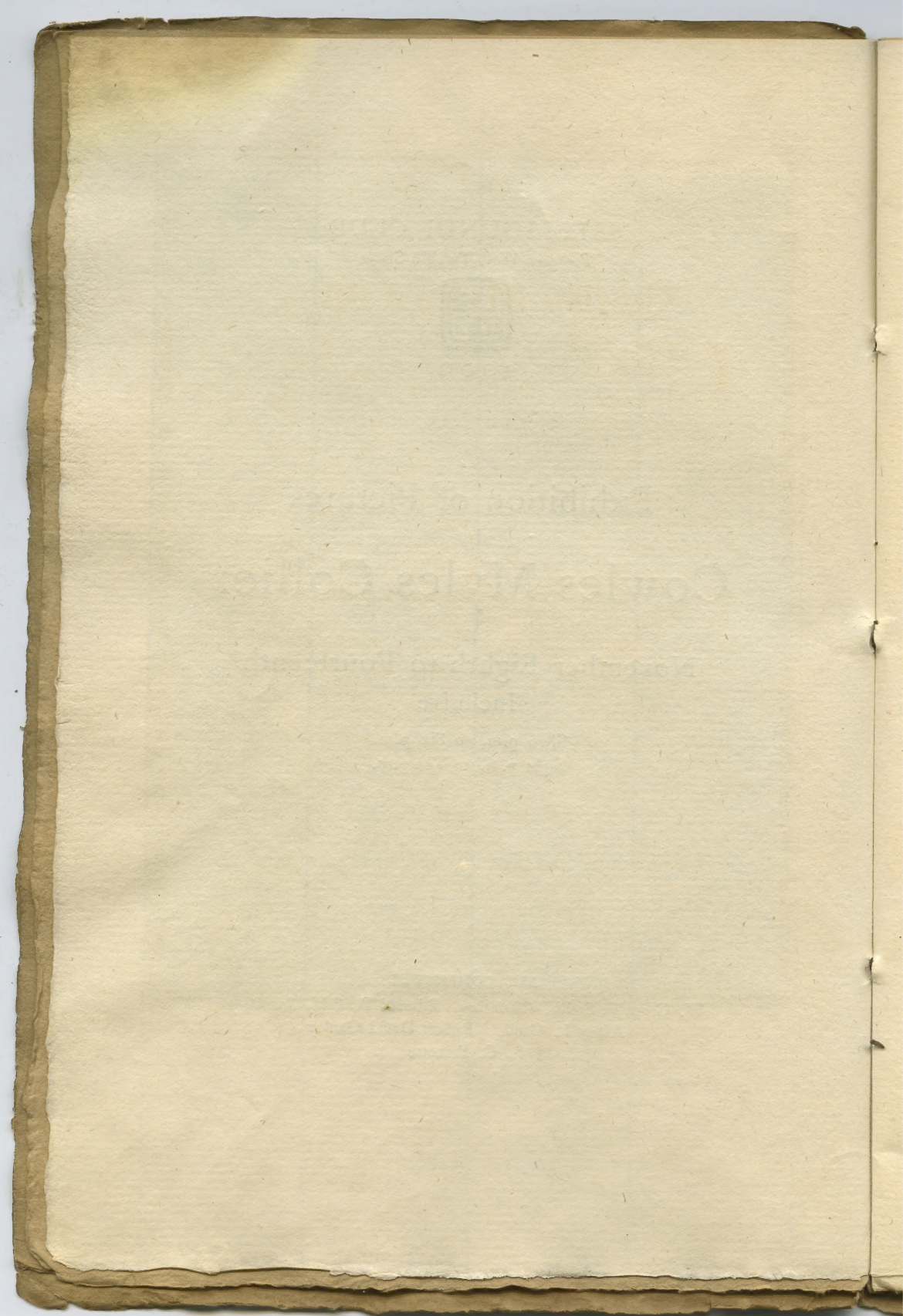
Eight p.m. to Ten p.m.

ART COMMITTEE

W. Granville Smith, *Chairman* Edward Penfield, *Secretary*

Albert L. Groll Robert David Ganley

E. C. Peixotto



Cowles Myles Collier

COLONEL C. MYLES COLLIER, who died last Autumn, was a popular member of the Salmagundi Club; and the club most appropriately is honoring his memory by holding an exhibition of his available works during the week of November 8th. Colonel Collier came to New York in 1883 from Memphis, Tenn. From there he had for several years sent pictures to the New York exhibitions. Some had been accepted, some returned, the latter with the query, how was it possible for an artist living in an inland city like Memphis to paint marines?

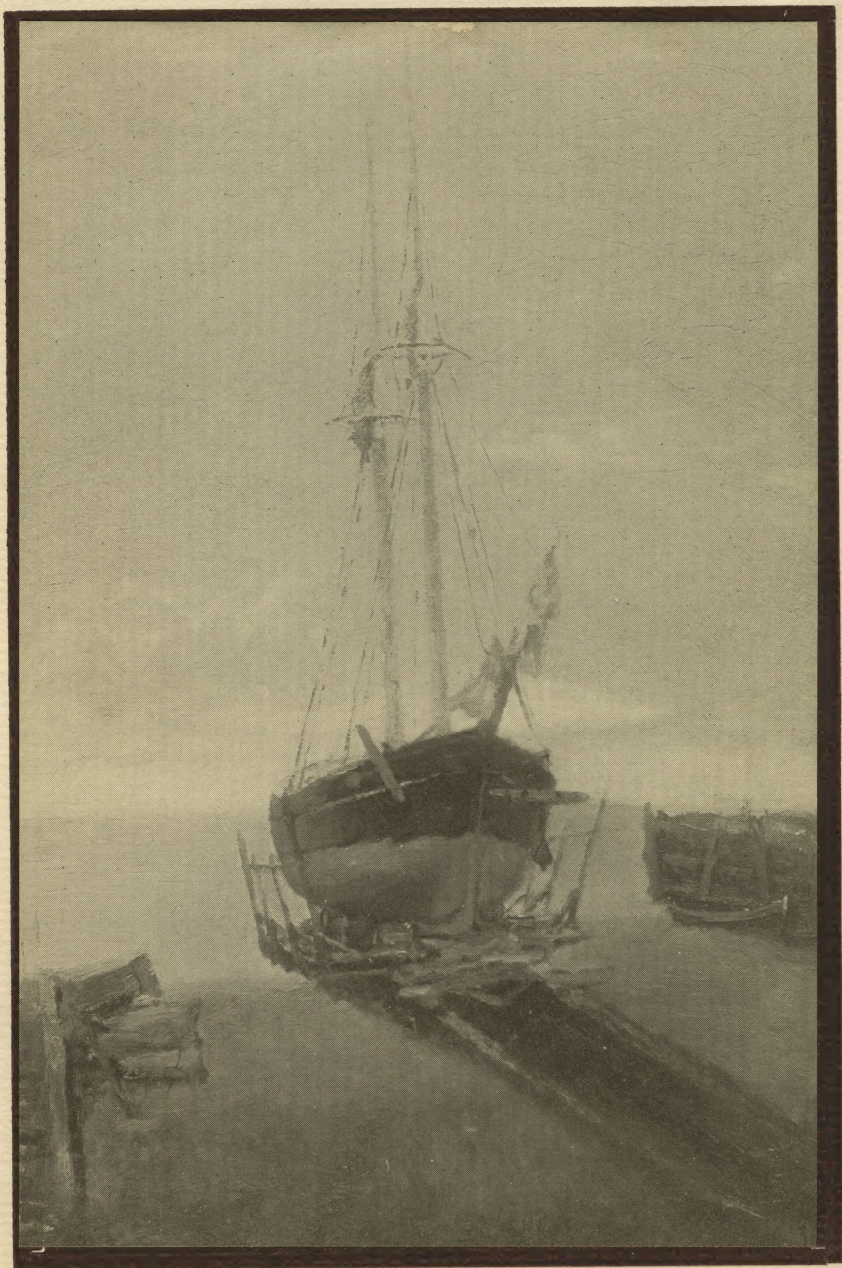
But Colonel Collier, although self-taught as an artist, had studied marine painting with the best possible instructor. His teacher had been the sea itself. Until the breaking out of the Civil War, he had been an officer of the United States navy, occupying his spare time aboard ship and when ashore, in painting sea pictures. When the war broke out, being a Southerner, he resigned from the Navy and became an officer in the Confederate Army. The war swept away his fortune and he was obliged to accept a business position in Memphis. But even in this inland city his love of the sea, his knowledge and his memory of it, asserted themselves and as before, he devoted all his spare time to painting sea pictures.

Colonel Collier was a traveller after he came to New York and set up as an artist. He not only

voyaged about his own country, he also went over sea, painting much in England and Holland. Always there was his love of the water, for waves and ships and fishermen meant everything to him. Now and then he broke away from the shore with its crafts and incidents peculiar to itself, only to come back to it with renewed love. Among all his work the landscape is but an occasional happening. The Dutch coast strongly appealed to him. In the great clumsy, heavy boats he always discovered the quality of quaint picturesqueness. There was color to the sails and hulls and they seemed made to paint. Almost invariably, too—and this is one of the leading characteristics in his work—it was gray weather that impelled him to paint. A silvery gray, the tint almost of the opal, was the tone he liked to have at the end of his brush, and it gave a luminous quality to the picture.

One may note this in such a work as "Gray Day," with Dutch boats on the beach and figures scattered about, and though this is a water color it is not without some of the solid quality of an oil. In this last medium, however, is his "Preparing for the Catch" and you see at once how close in touch he was with the toilers of the sea. One of his works is "A Breezy Day," a scene in mid-channel off the English coast. "Wet" water this, with the chop and turbulence of the lively estuary; and the boats are making heavy weather. One must have been a sailor to have painted this picture and obviously the artist knew well the conditions he represented.

In 1902 Colonel Collier was awarded a medal at the Charleston, S. C., exposition. It was for a water color, for he was equally at home both in oil and



On the Ways

aquarelle. One of his more ambitious efforts is a large bit of open sea with a breaking wave and a delicate sky of great subtlety. It is one of his happiest achievements. An early motive is "The Wreck," an old, battered hull drifting in mid-ocean. It presents a weird scene of desolation, sympathetically carried out. A very recent work that attracted attention when it was first exhibited publicly, is a large water color, "Golden Glow." Here there is highly dexterous manipulation of the medium and a rather rich color scheme of yellows—most effective.

But Colonel Collier though travelled, found material and plenty of it near home. He may almost be said to have been the official painter of the Brooklyn water front. He knew his Newtown Creek, his Gowanus and Erie Basin better than most men, and often he wandered over these localities. Did some quaint old craft tie-up there, Collier would sketch her and many were the groups of canal boats he noted in his sketch book. A tall, distinguished looking man, his early training appeared in his erect military bearing, and he was a welcome visitor among the old salts along the bay. He knew, too, the old fishing town of Gloucester, with its trig schooners and sloops, trim as yachts and as speedy, and there he painted the mackerel-men, cod-fishers, and lobstermen. Always, as from his youth, he loved his art. It was his eternal joy to paint, and when the light had waned he went to the Salmagundi where he found kindred spirits to join him in the exchange of ideas on art. He took the liveliest interest in the many exhibitions of that group of painters, in one of the few places in this city absolutely given over to the craftsman. In the Salmagundi's thumb



A Gray Day

box displays, its sketch shows, its water color and oil collections, he was immensely entertained. Always he looked for new developments, for hints, for any help that would turn his thoughts into new fields of artistic endeavor. With most serious application to his easel, he still had the enthusiasm of a boy.

And so it is eminently fitting that this memorial exhibition should be held at the club which is so full of memories of him, which held him in so many of his quiet hours and where he obtained and gave out so much inspiration. It meant more to him than to most men of his age. For here the younger men, breathing enthusiasm, hope and the joy of mere existence, he, in the Indian summer of his life, still seemed to share with them something of the optimism of their youth—an optimism of which, perhaps, his own had not partaken. He was glad with them, he envied no man his success, but on the contrary, his voice was the first to congratulate any one on a worthy achievement. It was quite impossible to think of him as a war veteran for, as his hair grew whiter, his heart seemed to grow younger.

Charles Frederick Naegele knew Colonel Collier intimately. In 1873, when Colonel Collier was working for a business house in Memphis, Mr. Naegele was a sign painter there. As always, Colonel Collier was devoting his spare time to painting. His way to his office lay past the sign painter's shop, and, if young Naegele chanced to be working outside, Colonel Collier, with his fine courtesy, would stop and exchange a few words with him. One day the sign painter received an order that was to show a raised curtain at a window, and, through the window, an outdoor scene. How to paint that



Zweindrecht

scene puzzled him. So waiting until Colonel Collier was passing by, he asked him for advice; and as the Colonel liked nothing so much as helping others, he stepped into the shop and himself painted the outdoor scene for the sign, which, needless to say, was a great success.

"His intense love for ships and for the ocean, and his experience in the Navy fitted him well to become a marine painter," said Mr. Naegele in speaking of his friend. "Even in a cat-boat, when he had sheet and tiller in hand, it was delightful to note the satisfaction on his face. Some people are awed by the powerful and tragic aspects of the ocean. Colonel Collier was not. He loved it under all circumstances. As to his pictures, their characteristic was not so much color as refined quality of color, a refined feeling for it. His interest in others was one of his many lovable traits. He always was happy when someone else produced something good. He filled his place perfectly during his lifetime. We shall all miss him."

W. Granville Smith was another among Colonel Collier's intimate friends. "I loved the man," said Mr. Smith, "for his personality. He was enthusiastic about art, yet always modest and retiring about his own work. Yet how charming his work was. He did not depict the sea in its robust mood, but on the poetic side. That is the way he strove to interpret it. He was a thorough student of every subject he painted and he had an exquisite sense of color.

"Above all, however, he was a most lovable man. Every one always was glad to see him. To me his friendship will remain a most cherished memory."



Preparing for the Catch

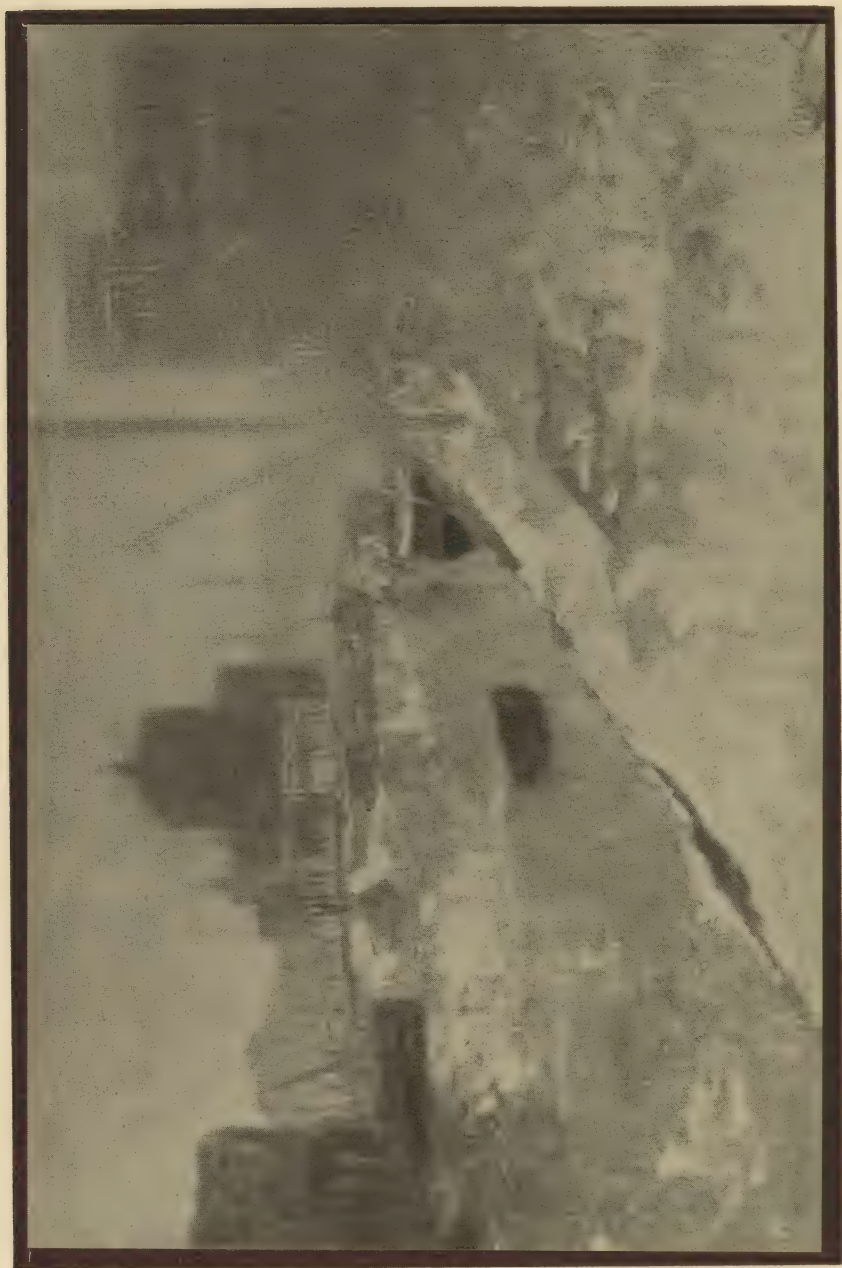
Paintings by
COWLES MYLES COLLIER

- 1 Sunset
- 2 Early Morning, Gloucester
- 3 Waiting for the Pilot
- 4 Gloucester Rocks
- 5 Preparing for the Catch
- 6 Wharf at Provincetown



Wave-lashed

- 7 Near Tenants Harbor, Maine
- 8 East Gloucester
- 9 Ten Pound Island
- 10 A Gray Day
- 11 Breezy Day, English Channel
- 12 The Mill Road
- 13 A Bit of Brooklyn
- 14 Late Afternoon, Holland Shore
- 15 Opal Sea (Sea and Sky)



Newtown Creek in Winter

- 16 Wave-lashed
- 17 Silence
- 18 On the Beach
- 19 Gloucester Harbor
- 20 On the Strand
- 21 An Anxious Moment
- 22 Low Tide, Holland
- 23 North Sea, Winter
- 24 The Landing of the Catch



Breezy Day in the English Channel

25 Shore of the North Sea Katwyk;
—A Recent Arrival

26 On the Ways

27 Zweindrecht

28 A Bit of Ogonquit

29 Newtown Creek in Winter

30 Moonlight, Rockport

31 The Lido, Venice

32 Portrait of Cowles Myles Collier
by George M. Reeves

L'Envoi

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us
to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Mag-
dalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never
be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in
his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are!

Rudyard Kipling.

